



"WHO DID THAT?"

Christmas Gifts Number of Vogue



Vogue's Christmas Gifts Number

Presenting more than eight hundred gifts from the most original manufacturers and the best shops in New York. And Vogue doesn't stop with merely making *suggestions*, but is ready to go into the shops and buy the gifts you want, and then see that all are delivered so that you can present them in plenty of time for Christmas.

If you are a man, you probably don't use Vogue eleven months out of the year. But this one month of December you will find Vogue a real friend in the hour of greatest need. Somewhat more than half the gifts in this Vogue are for women; from such a comprehensive collection it will for once be a simple matter to find your gift for Her!

TEN minutes away, on the nearest newsstand, you will find in the Christmas Gifts Number of Vogue the greatest collection of good Christmas gifts—pictures, descriptions and prices—ever bound between two covers.

The old way of shopping for Christmas is obsolete. You, if you are wise, will sit comfortably at home and make your selections from the eight hundred gifts shown in Vogue's Christmas Gifts Number. Among these gifts you will find something for every taste and every pocketbook. Instead of choosing from the limited stocks of your local stores you will inspect at leisure the best things from the best metropolitan shops, chosen and illustrated for you by Vogue's experts.

Once you have chosen, you can buy directly from the shops, or you can simply write to Vogue's Shopping Service, enclosing cheque for the articles you want; and back to you in time for Christmas will come one package after another, or, perhaps, one big box containing all your Christmas shopping. Except the necessary express or postage, this will cost you nothing—it is part of our regular service for Vogue readers.

Get the Christmas Gifts Number and begin your shopping at once!

THE advertising pages alone are always worth the cost of Vogue; in this Christmas Gifts Number they simply surpass all records. More than 100 pages from best shops and manufacturers particularly prepared for Vogue's readers—the most magnificent catalogue of Christmas offerings you can find anywhere.

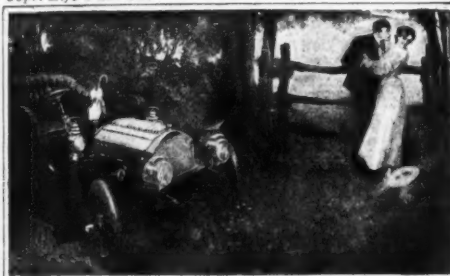
LIFE PRINTS

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



ONE A. M.
"And if I ring I'll wake her father"
Photogravure, 13½ x 16.
Postpaid, 50c.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



TROUBLE WITH THE SPARKER
By Balfour Ker
Photogravure, 20 x 15 in.
Postpaid, \$1.00.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



"HEY, THERE! WANT ANY HELP?"
Photogravure, 15 x 20 in.
Postpaid, \$1.00.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
17 West 31st Street, New York.

Rhymed Reviews

Joan Thursday

(By Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown & Co.)

HER grace would stir a heart of stone,
Her lips were sweet and red as rowan;
A mighty pretty girl was Joan,
And please don't mispronounce her,
"Jo-an".

But oh, her life was dull and slow,
Her home was dirty, dark and greasy,
And horrid men annoyed her so!—
A shop-girl's lot is far from easy.

She vowed she'd go upon the stage
Where others throve, not half as clever.
Her father stormed; in ugly rage
That night he cast her forth, forever.

To her a friend of waifs and strays
Appeared—a heaven-sent Elias—
A nice young man who scribbled plays
And signed his dramas "John Matthias".

And Joan was soon engaged to wed
Her fine, quixotic benefactor,
But took a baser mate instead—
A worthless, drunken, tenth-rate actor.

He struck her—once; and off she ran
With all their cash; and, growing looser
In morals, hatched a little plan
To captivate a play-producer.

This person, Vincent Marbridge, had
A character distinctly yellow,
And yet with women, good and bad,
He was the devil of a fellow!

To Stardom's heights an easy path
He smoothed for Joan, who charmed
and thrilled him;
And then,—aflame with jealous wrath,
A cast-off mistress shot and killed him.

And Joan was plunged in deep distress?
Not she! Her name the bill-boards flaunted;
The critics said, "A Great Success!"
And that was all the hussy wanted.

From books about the demi-monde
I mostly turn to growl and glower;
But this, at least, is far beyond
The rank and file in life and power.

Arthur Guiterman.



To keep your hands delicate and soft, use the treatment given below.

Rough red hands made smooth and white

The reason your hands do not look like you want them to look is because you have neglected them. Proper care will soon restore the natural beauty of their skin.

Begin this treatment tonight

Just before retiring, soak your hands for at least five minutes in hot water and a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Then rub them briskly for a few minutes with a rough washcloth or stiff brush. Rinse in very cold water and dry thoroughly.

This treatment, continued regularly, softens the rough, dead skin and soon causes it to disappear. In its place will be a new skin of delicate texture, formed with the aid of the beneficial properties of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

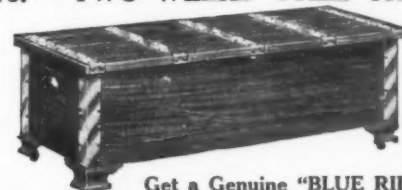
For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. K-11, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. K-11, Perth, Ontario.

\$16.50—TWO WEEKS' FREE TRIAL



Get a Genuine "BLUE RIDGE"

Protect your furs and woollens against Moths, Mice and Insects. No dampness, no dust. This highly ornamental "BLUE RIDGE" Red Cedar Chest, 19 1/2 x 40 x 15 inches, in either polished or hand rubbed finish, \$16.50. Made of selected, well seasoned Southern Red Cedar. Will last a lifetime. Just the thing for wedding, birthday or other gifts. Order direct from factory. Rate guaranteed low or money refunded. Remit by Certified Check, P. O. or Express Money Order. We will allow you Two Weeks' Free Trial! If chest is not as represented, return at our expense. Special prices to those who wish to buy on monthly payments. Catalogue describing chests of all styles and prices sent free upon request. Send today. BLUE RIDGE RED CEDAR CO., Dept. V, Reidsville, N. C. And 1054-56 Long Beach Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.

*A Good Thing Ought to Be Passed Along*

Next Week LIFE's Great Christmas Annual will be on sale Everywhere. It is over 100 pages and contains everything to make glad the waste places in your hearts and minds (Price, 25 cents). Printed in colors. If you wish to begin your regular yearly subscription now send the proper amount at once, and receive also a copy of our Premium Picture, "Veterans."

Obey That Impulse

Send Five Dollars for One Year
(Canadian \$5.52. Foreign \$6.04.)

SPECIAL OFFER

Send One Dollar for Three Months' Subscription
(Canadian \$1.13. Foreign \$1.26.)

(Open only to new names. No renewals at this rate.)



"LIFE wishes me to take up the space this week, which is usually occupied by an offensive coupon asking everyone to fill out a name, to state that the Proper Number, for good boys only, is now on its virtuous way. By the way, I never was so busy in my life."

"Three of a Kind"



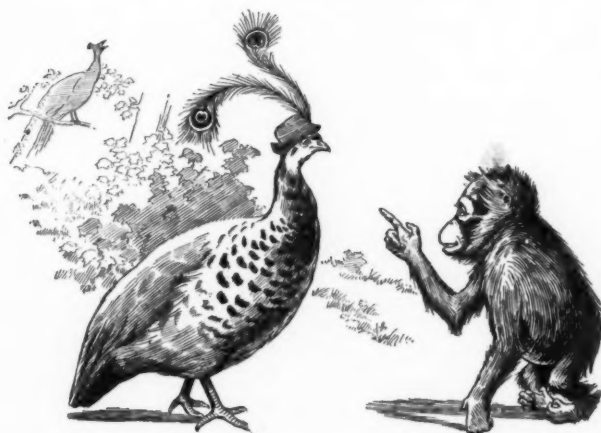
THERE are three pianists touring the United States this year who stand at the very top of their profession. It is hardly necessary to state that the three are Ignace Paderewski, Harold Bauer and Josef Hofmann. In spite of the fact that these gentlemen are all pianists par excellence, they are of distinctly different types, and, therefore, scarcely enter into competition with one another.

Mr. Paderewski is the last word in pianistic romanticism. He represents the imaginative and sentimental phases of the art in their highest form. His famous hair, with its overflow of emotional vitality, is an index to his character and his playing. In appearance as well as in art, Paderewski is the direct descendant of Rubinstein, Liszt and other giants of the romantic school.

Mr. Bauer is the exact opposite. He is a classicist, pure and simple. He is the only man who has recently had the courage to present to a New York audience a programme devoted to the works of Bach and Beethoven, and, what is more, he is the only man who could possibly have aroused real enthusiasm with such a programme. Mr. Bauer is never sentimental or imaginatively romantic in his attitude toward his art. Rather does he show a self-effacing reverence for the composers whose works he interprets, and a sincere determination to reproduce their real meaning if it be humanly possible.

Mr. Hofmann, however, is probably the most remarkable of the three, both in character and in his art. He is neither romanticist nor classicist, but a practical master of his instrument, with a well-balanced set of nerves, emotions and talents. He plays the piano because he enjoys it, and because he knows his audience will enjoy it. He goes at it very much as an American business man sits down to a good game of cards. There is nothing ostentatious in Mr. Hofmann's appearance. He is simply a modern gentleman who does an artistic thing supremely well. Commercially he admits that automobiles are of greater importance to him than piano playing. Possibly that is the secret of his tremendous popularity with American audiences.

S. S.



"MADAM, IT'S CONTRARY TO LAW TO WEAR THE PLUMAGE OF SONG BIRDS."

"THESE WERE MY HUSBAND'S. HE IS NO SONG BIRD, ALTHO' HE THINKS HE IS."



How Would You Judge a Man You Have Never Seen?

Suppose you have only a few letters from a man or firm with whom you are contemplating business relations. You know nothing but what the letters tell you, but do you know *everything* a letter can tell?

The kind of stationery a man employs is a powerful index to his character.

For example: Almost without exception the man who selects

Old Hampshire Bond

for his letter paper and office forms does so for reasons that would influence only a reliable man, a man proud of his business, jealous of its reputation, and seeking always a higher standard for all things associated with his business.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is not bought by accident. It is made "a little better than seems necessary," and stationery of this character has little appeal except to men who do their own work more carefully than ordinarily expected.

Those who use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND want the best for themselves, which might indicate that they would expect you to want no less.

So, too, the printer who likes to use such paper as OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND will be found one who takes pride in doing his work "a little better than seems necessary"—one whom you would do well to trust.

Send for Liberal Sample

So that you may know OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND, we will gladly send you some sample sheets showing examples of modern letter-headings. Better still, enclose 10 cents in stamps and we will mail you a liberal sample box of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND SEMI-BUSINESS STATIONERY—a form of paper and envelopes which every business man should have both in his office and at home, for there are many letters that should express a feeling impossible to secure from business stationery.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
South Hadley Falls Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

THE THREE HUNDREDTH MOTORIST AND HIS CAR

LAST year the records showed a production of about 300,000 motor cars. Approximately one car for about every 300 people in the United States.

The Locomobile production was only 4 cars a day, the maximum limit prescribed by our policy. Only one person in 90,000 bought a Locomobile. Only one out of every 300 motorists.

This man, the Three Hundredth Motorist, buys the Locomobile because of its quality. Not because of its price, because that is high. And the reason why only one motorist in 300 can buy the Locomobile is because it is made in strictly limited quantities to insure quality.

We adopted the policy of limited production, quality instead of quantity, fourteen years ago, when we set out to make "The Best Built Car in America".

Quantity and quality do not work well together for the attainment of the ideal high-grade motor car. Quantity does not necessarily eliminate quality. It merely fights against it, hinders it, forces it down. As quantity increases beyond a critical figure, quality decreases and the product loses distinction.

Quality instead of quantity is but a part of our policy. The concentration of a rather unusual organization on a limited production is only one of the means to gain an end.

Our plant, for example, was designed and erected for the sole purpose of developing the Locomobile. Its location at Bridgeport, Connecticut, is an important factor. The finest mechanics in the country are in our section of New England. They inherit ability to work on quality products. Our equipment is peculiar, expensive, special, and very, very complete. We could not successfully build any other type of car than the Locomobile. The Locomobile could not be built in any other plant.

Further: each individual car receives intimate attention from company officials, close watching by department heads and factory foremen. Our testing methods are exceedingly expensive, but they enable us to make each Locomobile just the same as every other Locomobile and to *prove* it.

If we were to increase our output the personal attention we give to every car would have to relax and the quality would be lowered. Quality is not a new thing, new born of red tape and rules; it is an old fashioned thing, always born of personality.

Toledo swords and Milanese armour were medieval quality products wrought by personal skill, personal enthusiasm, personal supervision. Eliminate the personal element from a product

and you eliminate much of the quality. There can only be just so many responsible officers in any company. Increase the production and the personality of these men is spread out and diluted.

Most Locomobiles are personally addressed when they leave our plant. We know where they are going and to whom they are going. The president, vice-president, factory manager, sales manager and other officials *know* these cars and work over them until they are right.

Every Locomobile official is active in the company. The offices are *in* the factory to be close to the product. There is no separate "Executive Building".

Thus, limited production, peculiar facilities and constant personal attention work for quality in the Locomobile. The organization cherishes ideals, its officers and department heads have worked together, practically intact, for fifteen years. This *esprit de corps* has its stimulating and valuable effect on quality.

The perfect condition for creating quality in a motor car is to produce it in one plant; completing all the operations under one roof, from raw material to finished product. No automobile company strictly does this. In the Locomobile plant ideal conditions are probably more closely approached than in any other. The Locomobile is *our* car.

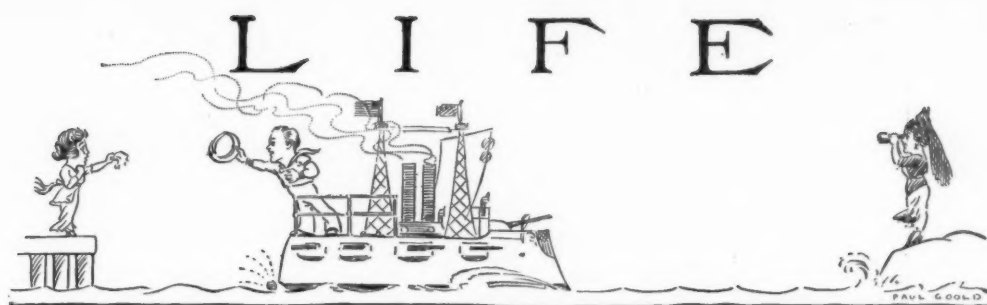
Some of the pains that we take may be unnecessary. However, fifteen years of experience has shown us that the only way to build the highest grade car is to take all possible pains. For example, even the nuts and bolts for the Locomobile are made by its artisans, not purchased. No one questions the method of makers who buy good ready-made nuts and bolts, quite the contrary. The maker who is building a car to fit a price must contrive, must cut corners. The fact that he does so, may not cause trouble for the users of his cars.

Though the working out of the Locomobile policy involves extra trouble and greater expense in such details, the result means greater insurance for the Three Hundredth Motorist. Complete relaxation in motoring is only possible in a car in which your confidence is as great as your comfort.

We know the Locomobile has not yet reached the ideal, but our faith is such that we cannot see why anyone who can afford it should buy any other car.

Because of the limited production, the character of the organization, the conditions under which the car is made, the pains given to construction—the Locomobile becomes the logical car for the Three Hundredth Motorist.

The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Connecticut



Japanese Proverb

"FORTUNE will call at the Smiling Gate."

Friend, you will find it so.
She may be early, she may be late,
But come she will, and in royal state.
And if you but work, while you smile and wait,
Nevermore forth she'll go.

For Mistress Fortune—a woman still—
Will travel many a mile,
Past Gates that glower their haughty fill
Past Gates that are dull and lifeless-still,
Till at last she comes, as she surely will,
Where you give her smile for smile.

E. D. W.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD MORNING, LIFE."

"Hello, Sir Oliver Lodge. How is it to live after death?"

"Why, my dear LIFE, I haven't tried. How do I know?"

"Oh, I thought you said you did."

"I wasn't speaking of my own personal experience. I merely said that we were immortal and that it was quite possible that people, after they died, would be able to preserve their individualities; in fact—"

"Oh, this was a supposition on your part?"

"Yes, LIFE, based on experience, and—"

"Hold on a minute, Sir Oliver, you are getting ahead of me. I thought you had no experience."

"I mean, LIFE, based upon my own human experience."

"Oh, yes. Now I see. You mean that what has happened to you during the time that you have been on earth leads you to believe that you will live after you are dead."

"Certainly. Why not? How do you feel about it, LIFE?"

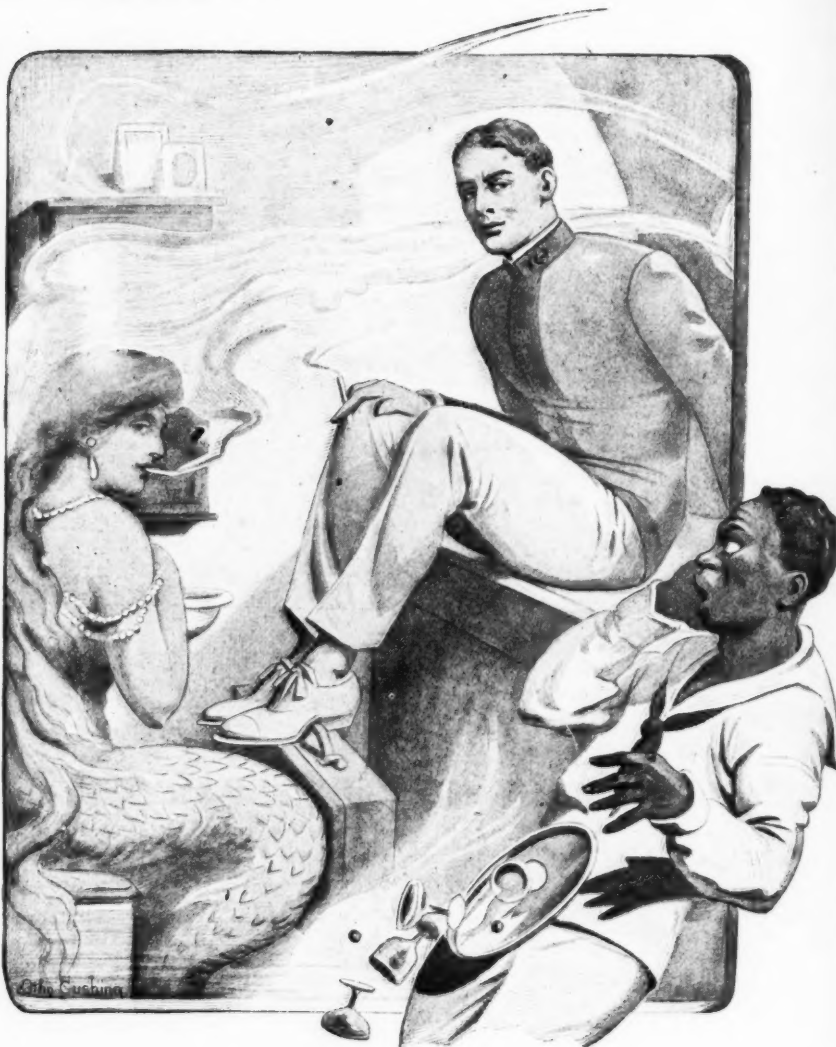
"Well, you see, Sir Oliver, I hadn't felt about it at all, because I have no time. I am too busy interviewing people."

"But, LIFE, don't you believe that you are immortal?"

"Certainly, but then I have the advantage over you, Sir Oliver."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I have never had



"VISITORS' DAY" (on a submarine)

any corporeal existence on earth, and yet I am real. Now, you have had a corporeal existence on earth and you are—"

"Well, LIFE, go on."

"At times, Sir Oliver, a trifle unreal. This is about the only difference between us."

"Oh, I see. Well, good morning, LIFE."

"Don't mention it."



HOW IT FEELS TO BE A BABY

BRIGGS: Did you experience a sense of loss after you had been operated upon?

GRIGGS: I did when I got the bill.



Peace: TELL ME, MARS, WHEN WILL WARS CEASE?
"ASK THOSE GENTLEMEN."

Query

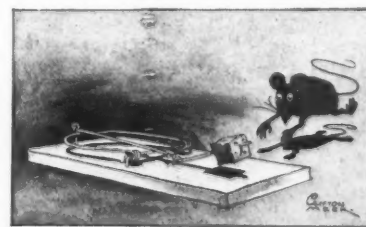
The prophylactic, vetra-humanitarian measures of to-day make it possible for the weakest and unfittest to survive along with the strongest and best. Indeed, the tendency is to safeguard the interests of the former at the expense of the latter, a tendency which is bound ultimately to affect the race detrimentally.

—London Hospital.

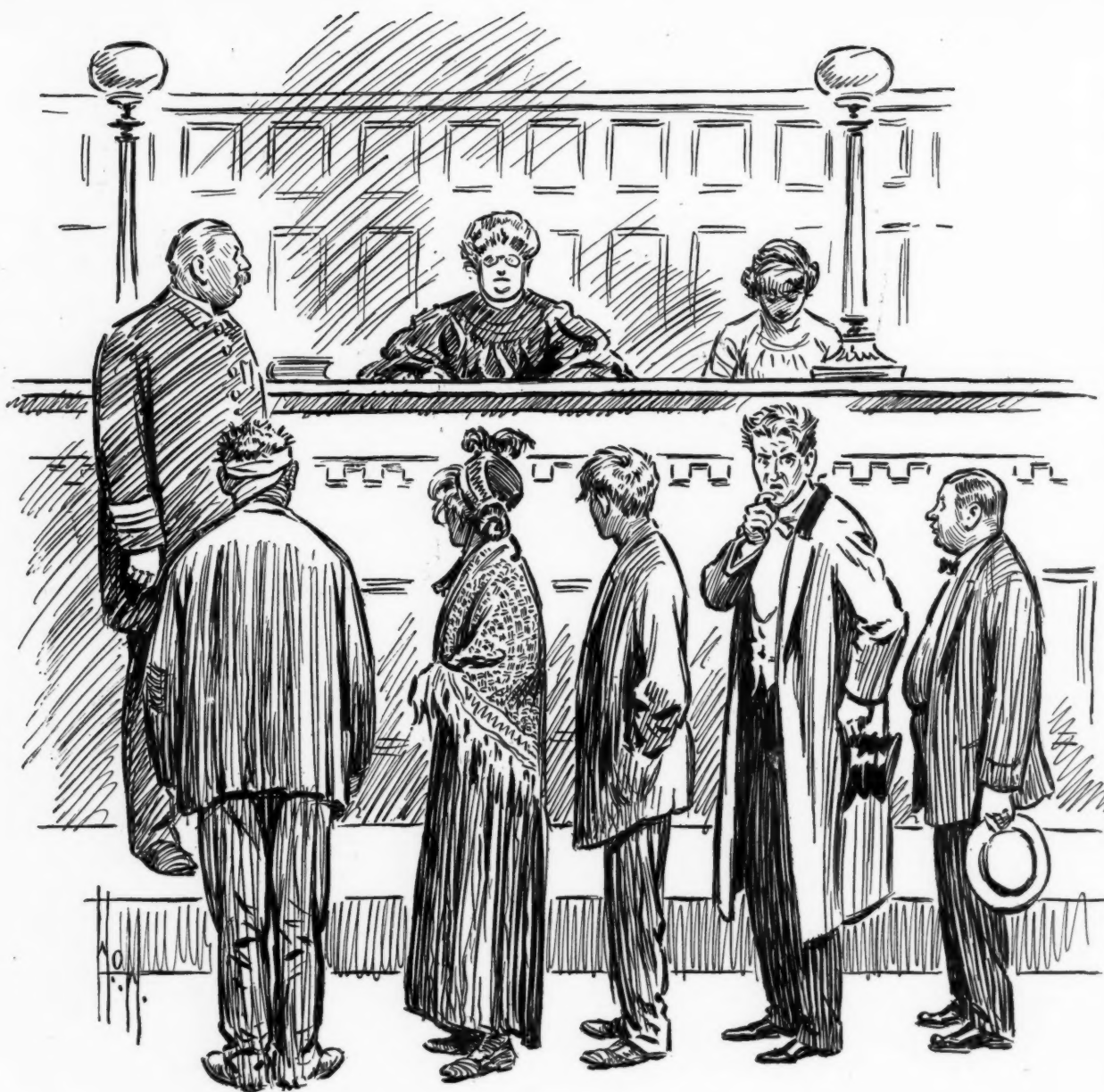
THIS is interesting. Can it be possible that all the medical paraphernalia of the present day, the inoculation of serums and the immensely advertised prophylactic measures, announcements

of which are made with such ghoulis glee by doctors from time to time—can it be possible that the sum total of all this great work is only to make the strong weaker? Along with this statement comes also the statement that everywhere the birth rate is decreasing. If we, therefore, follow this to its logical conclusion and our doctors are allowed to have full swing, in the course of time the world will be peopled by a comparatively small number of human beings who are so weak and degenerate that they will have to be

carried around on stretchers. Perhaps there will be a few able-bodied physicians alive to carry them. Who knows?



"A FAREWELL DINNER"



WHEN YOU DISCOVER THAT THE WOMAN YOU JILTED IS NOW A POLICE MAGISTRATE

Questions of the Day

FREEDOM is easy when we are alone in the woods, but how much freedom is compatible with the social life that comes with our modern civilization?

When will Man, the continually disparaged, blow up and revolt?

This noise that we hear—din of reform and protestation—how much of it is actual people agitated by suffering,

and how much is newspapers and periodicals excited about circulation?

Is all the world to be recast to adapt it to persons who have made mistakes in marriage?

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Are Jo-Uncle Daniels Very Great Admiral?

To Editor "Life" who are a supper-dreadnought of considerable gunfire,

DEAR SIR:—

Hon. Harry Karimoto, Japanese spy employed on U. S. Battleship Peoria, meet up to me yesterday in enlarged pants resembling sailors. He were immersing out of saloon when I observed him and he told me the emotional behavior of his rear knees was due to continual walking on oceans. He asked me to take slight whiskey drunk with him, as he were obliged to take considerable of this drug so his eyes would be sharper for spying purposes.

"What you learn about U. S. Navy?" I ask out, while helping to straighten his walk.

"Plenty," he report with eyewink, American salute. "I have learned all informations about coal, officers, machinery and other fuel on these star-stripe floaters. And this I tell you. Japan shall never be able to beat it."

"What ammunition have America got that will make her defeat Japan?" I request with patriotic peev.

"Jo-Uncle Daniels," report Harry navalistically.

"Hon. Daniels are not a navy—he are an editor," I snib.

"All great men are editors somewhat," report Karimoto. "If not, why should Wm Jenny Bryan, Hon. Roosevelt and Hon. Wilson do so continually?"

"What paper do Hon. Wilson edit?" I ask to know.

"Congressional Record," notate him.

I stand gast for this information.

"Hon. Josphus must be very cruel admiral to make sailors so brave & reckless!" I snagger.

"Ah not is!" depose Harry. "This Uncle Josphus are tender like boiled turnup. For when Hon. Pres Wilson appoint him for be Secretary of Torpedoes he say him like this, 'Josphus,' say Pres, 'your duty to Navy is to make cannon-ball pugilists from them. How you do this?' 'I shall go at it scientifically like an editorial,' say Jo-Uncle Daniels, 'Firstly I ask, what make men fight most peevly? Answer is, love! When blue-Loys is found dying in midst of smokes & shoots they are not doing so for Tariff, race suicide or other dishagreeable subjects: they are doing so for either sweethearts or wives. Sometimes both. Therefore we know that sailors fights for what they love. Therefore, by creating more love in Navy I shall make them more talented with dynamight.' 'What shall they love so recklessly?' require Hon. Pres for question. 'Me!' explain Hon. Daniels with submarine expression."



"They are doing so for either sweethearts or wives"

Hon. Harry Karimoto tell me this while attempting to walk circular.

"Did Hon. Daniels go to Navy and create some affections pretty quick?" is next question for me.

"He never approached to *our* ship," snignify Harry, "but I hear considerable roomers about what he done on another dreadnoughts."

"Tell me the entire rotation," I suggest.

"Firstly, from what I hearsay," explain Harry, "he go to all sailors and speak it, 'Sailors,' he say it, 'I wish you feel you are now working for 2 uncles, Sam & Jo. We own a Treasury and can afford to make your battleship as stylish as any other apartment house. Between battles you must lack no luxury and when dissatisfied, please report carelessness to Management.' So they do so amidst considerable 3-cheers."

"Does U. S. sailors live pretty stylish because of?" I negotiate.

"I have not noticed it on *my* ship," Harry acknowledge. "But I hear considerable report of high-livliness enjoyed by crews on more fashionable battleboats. On those iron floaters sailing are not much different from Waldorf, except there is no head waiter. Sailors is permitted to breakfast in bed so their nerve will not become dislocated before target practice. Gentlemanicures massage their thumbnails every morning so they will look most beautiful while shaking hands with officers. At 10.00 a. m. they appear on deck unless fatigued by dance-party of night before. Slight goluf game is enjoyed until noon when shooting costumes are put on and some targets destroyed by cannons. Champagne are never permitted for lunch except on Wednesdays and Fridays. After lunching slight nap are enjoyed till 5.00 p. m. when tea are served in moving-picture salon while Admiral show emotion pictures of Manila Bay and other cross battles where sailors can learn how be heroes. Simple dinner of chicken & claret are dished to crew in officers' dining room, except on Satday night when officers come to crew-room and wait on table resembling Jefferson democrats. And so onwards till bedtime arrive amidst shake-hands and silk pajamas."

"What sort of navy battles must result from this?" I ask gastly.

"Awful cruel ones," say Harry Karimoto. "Already U. S. crews are demanding fight Germany or else Mexico so they can holla, 'For love, for home, for Jo-Uncle Daniels!' while blowing enemies to smathereens. When I think



"What makes men fight most peevly? Answer is, 'Love'!"

what such a navy, filled with love & ice-cream could do to old-fashion sea-doggies who have learned to fight from eating pig's-breast while walking in bare feet, chilly cold overcomes my elbows. I shodder."

Hon. Harry commence doing so with such December expression of

quiver & shake that he must took some more whiskey drunk so he will not catch more pneumonia.

"All editors, generals, kings etc should know this alarming truth you talk," I snagger. "Would you please show some photos for prove you are not Dr. Cooking me?"

But when last seen, Hon. Harry Karimoto were eloping to other breweries while making cobwobbly conversation with Japanese spies.

This news may be only 1-3 true, Mr. Editor, but that are sifficient to get it printed in newspapers, so maybe you can manufacture some alarm from it. Because if America navy can learn to fight even more harshly than formerly, all other navies should feel quite decomposed.

Hoping you are the same.

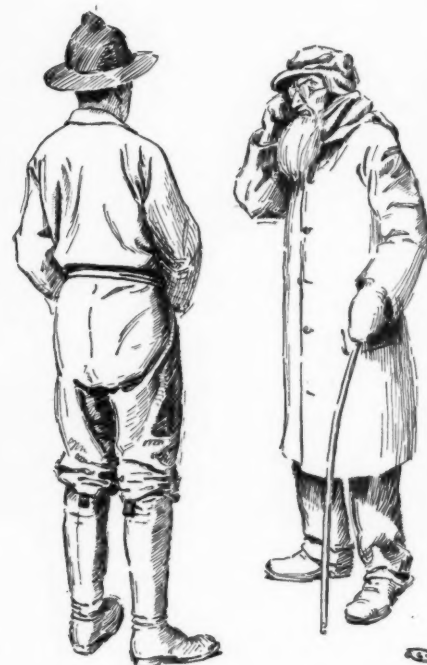
Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)

Still Clouded

"WHILE there may be revivals of interest in the security markets, the future is still clouded," says the *Tribune*. Or, in other words, the future is still in a perfectly normal condition.



"WELL, UNCLE JOSH, HOW DO YOU FEEL?"

"ROTTEN; THAT BEER DON'T SEEM TO HELP NONE."

"HOW DID YOU TAKE IT?"

"TABLESPOONFUL AFORE MEALS."



STUDYING THE FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE AMAZON
"BULLY! THIS WILL MAKE A CORKING FRONTIS-PIECE"

Mr. Churchill Breaks Out

IS not the proposal of Winston Churchill that Germany and England shall suspend building any more warships for one year fraught with great danger to our noblest institutions? If the pairing off idea should become popular, would it not have a tendency to cripple trade and do away with some of those vast engines of modern civilization which conduce so much to the happiness of mankind.

Besides, Mr. Churchill's idea is capable of an individual interpretation. It would be comparatively easy, for example, to make arrangements with your next-door neighbor to avoid discussing the servant question. But why go on? Something ought to be done to Mr. Churchill immediately. He is a menace to the world.

An Opening for the Practical

WHY is it that our practical men never teach school? Surely nothing could be more important or more worthy of their powers than to train the children of the land and to inculcate correct information, efficient methods and noble ideals upon them. This work must go on if the race is to survive, and no amount of intelligent attention is too great to expend upon it.

Why, then, is it that our practical men have never interested themselves in school teaching? It can't be that they do not realize its importance. They are too practical for that. It can't be that the work is too hard, for nothing that is important is too hard for practical men. And, of course, it can't be because teachers are so poorly paid, for if practical men should take to teaching school wages would immediately aviate. That, indeed, is just the point. One of the prime requisites of a practical man is that he should receive a large amount of money for whatever he does. If practical men took up this work, the teaching profession would soon be among the highest paid in the country. Practical men who find recent business conditions somewhat unsympathetic might find much better picking in this great fallow field to which they are most welcome.

E. O. J.

Paint

PAINT is used on houses, park settees, fences and faces.

It comes in colors. Red paint is used on towns by young college men and old deacons. Fresh paint is used by children when they have their new clothes on.

Paint is also used on sign boards which are put up everywhere to improve the scenery. No American scenery is considered complete without them.



THEIR RECOLLECTIONS OF "A QUIET LITTLE PLACE TO DINE"



"THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE"

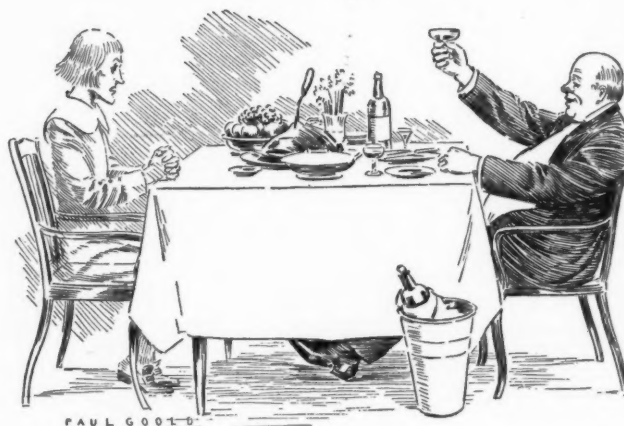
The Mentally Poor

A RECENT paragraph in the *London Times* called attention to the fact that there are two hundred and fifty millions of people in the world who are not clothed at all, and seven hundred and fifty millions who are only half clothed. This is what historians or political economists might term a "drastic arraignment".

But consider for a moment how much worse it is in the case of minds. How many minds are there with any covering at all? Think of the minds which stand upon the street corners, exposed to the elements. Think of the rags and tatters that cover millions of minds. It is interesting to reflect that among all the millions there are few who care whether they expose their minds or not.

Isn't it pitiful to see a poor little mind, shivering with cold, almost dead for want of nourishment, begging in the city streets, utterly neglected by its owner?

And what remarkably fine clothes the owners of some of these minds do wear!



Shade of Pilgrim Father: HOW WELL HIS PRAYERS FOR A BOUNTIFUL HARVEST HAVE BEEN ANSWERED.

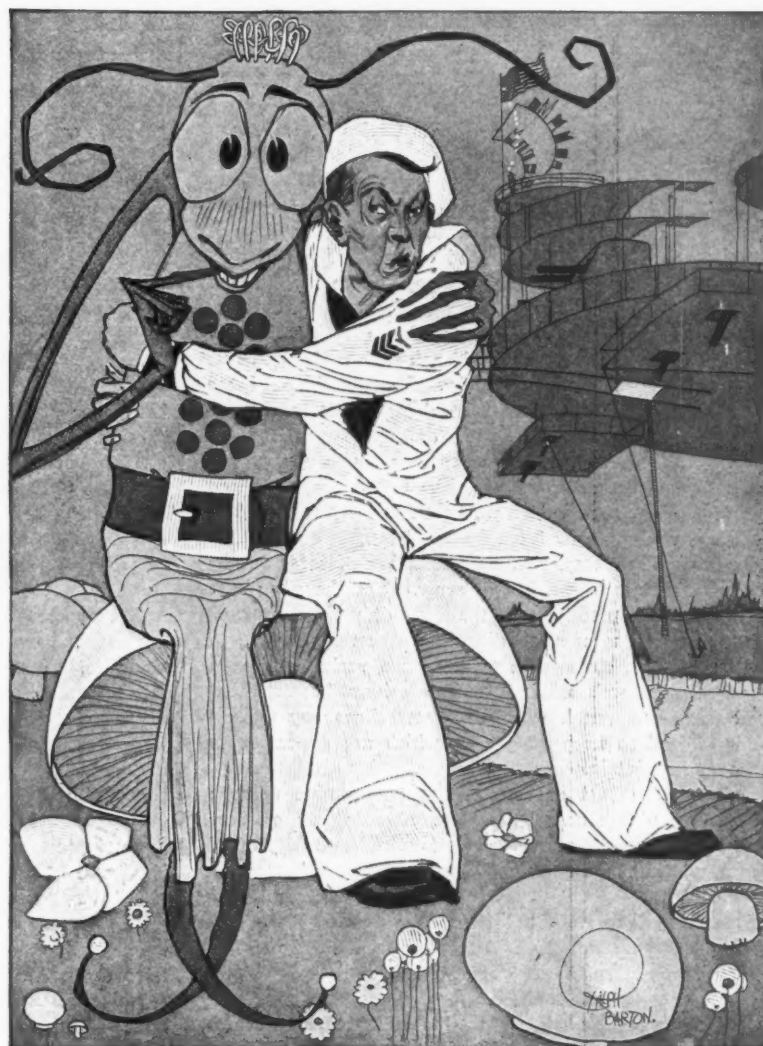


Commander of Dreadnought: NOW, WHAT WOULD JOHN PAUL JONES HAVE DONE?

A Bye-and-Bye Betrothal

"I WILL bind you to me," he said, "with a ring."
She answered promptly, "Oh, no such thing!"
"Well, let me bind you, sweet, with a vow?"
"But that," she said, "isn't *thought* of—now!"
"How shall I bind you, then—what way?"
"Why—just—I'll stay—if—I *care* to stay!"

Madeline Bridges.



LIVING UP TO A REPUTATION

Sailor (from battleplane stopping at Mars): I DON'T MIND HAVIN' A SWEETHEART IN EVERY PORT TILL WE STRIKE A PORT LIKE THIS! THESE MARTIAN GIRLS IS FIERCE!

Backward Japan

When a conductor comes into a car in Japan, he bows profoundly. He bows again to each passenger as he collects the tickets.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

BUT that is only because Japan is still primitive, not yet having come under the full influence of a Christian civilization. Give the Japanese conductors time. If Japan progresses as it has, Japanese conductors will gradually take on that refined and dignified mantle of the highest civilization expressed in a look which says more plainly than words: "Gettohelloutofhere".



"MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION"

The Navy



THE natural advice to a young man about to enter the navy is Don't! But if he persists there is something to be said in extenuation of his choice. In the navy, as in the army, he can hardly get rich. The highest pay in the navy is the \$13,500, drawn by the admiral. Rear-admirals of the first nine draw \$8,000, and rank with major-generals of the army. Rear-admirals of the second nine draw \$6,000, and rank with brigadier-generals. The pay of officers ranges down from these sums to \$1,700 for ensigns. The pay of enlisted men is somewhat higher than in the army. There are a lot of warrant officers who get from \$1,125 to \$2,250, and petty officers draw from \$396 to \$924.

There are about 57,000 men (including officers) in the navy, as against 81,500 in the army. Yet the navy cost us last year \$123,000,000, and the army only about \$91,000,000. This excess of expenditure for the navy is due to the fact that it costs more to live on a yacht than on a farm. Uncle Sam's soldiers live on his farm, but his naval mechanics—one can hardly call them sailors any more—he is obliged to keep on yachts, which are expensive to build and maintain.

In our navy just now there are twenty-nine modern battleships, nine second-hand ones, about thirty cruisers of various grades, and maybe one hundred and fifty other craft: monitors, gunboats, destroyers, torpedo-boats and submarines. All these vessels are full of complicated and expensive machinery. The job of our 57,000 gallant tars is to keep them oiled and painted, navigate them when necessary, and fire off their guns on occasion *faster* and with more precision than the tars of any other nation.

It is the general conviction in this country that our tars are the best marine mechanics and the most precise and efficient marksmen in the world. We believe also, though with most of us it is entirely a matter of faith, that our navy is one of the best conducted branches of our national business; that our ships, what there are of them, are as good as any of their size; that our naval officers are as sober, efficient, gallant and devoted as any, and that our tars are also sober, diligent and responsible in a high degree. Time was when tars were hardly expected to measure up to those adjectives, especially when on shore; but nowadays, as has been said, the seamen of the navy are a band of mechanics, selected with care at the outset, well used and well schooled, and the standard of expectation as to their deportment has risen very much, and they have justified the rise.

Some common privileges open to most men our naval brethren have to forego. As has been said, they can hardly hope to get rich, except by inheritance, but, then, few men

get rich, anyhow. While in active service they cannot keep a cow, except by proxy, but then, few of us can hope to keep cows, and those who do can hardly hope to get rich. A more serious drawback is that if our naval employees get married their wives cannot accompany them to sea. That is a rule of the service. Time was when officers' wives did sometimes sail with their husbands, but it was found to occasion a division of authority that was detrimental to the service. No man can serve two masters, and aboard ship every naval man is expected to serve Uncle Sam. Consequently the domestic life of our naval brethren, both officers and men, is regularly diversified with interruption. But the effect of that is not all bad. An appreciable proportion of contemporary married life needs more intervals of interruption than it gets, and would go more successfully if it was punctuated with more breathing spells. The men of the navy seem to be much appreciated as husbands, and the average of domestic felicity among them seems to be rather high.

One apparent advantage that the navy as a profession has over the army is that it is less subject to invasion from civil life. It is not necessary to be a graduate of West Point in order to rise in the army. General Wood was not a West Pointer; General Miles was not. A man of the requisite ability can get into the army from civil life and do as well as anyone. But the navy is a closer corporation. A naval officer must have technical qualifications; he must have learned his trade as navigator, seaman and mechanic, and he can be reasonably sure that no green hand will ever be put over him. A President can put a political colonel in charge of a regiment or a volunteer general in charge of a brigade, but he cannot send a landsman to command a battleship. Battleships cost too much to be fooled with. Annapolis is not the only place a naval officer can learn his trade, but practically our navy is in charge of the graduates of Annapolis. A tar-heel editor is Secretary of the Navy and great are his powers, but they do not extend to a capacity to improvise tar-heel naval officers.

Navies nowadays are almost universally execrated as the greatest waste of money that our world endures. Well, they carry neither freight nor passengers, and they cost a lot, and look terribly useless. But so do governments and the administration of justice and the police cost a lot, and they would all be useless if men would only behave. The navies are the police that keep the peace between nations that cannot trust one another to behave. They tend to get too big, though perhaps they are no bigger in proportion to the existing wealth they are built to defend than they used to be. They should be smaller; they must be smaller; they cost more than current life can spare; but no one yet is able to name the day when they will begin to contract.

E. S. Martin.



PARADISE AND THE PERIETTE

"ONE MORN A PERI AT THE GATE
OF EDEN STOOD, DISCONSOLATE."

Tom Moore, "Lalla Rookh".



"—AND IF IT'S A BOY, SIR, WE'LL DRESS HIM UP IN BLUE
AND HE'LL WALK THE QUARTER DECK AS HIS DADDY USED
TO DO."



"MERCIFUL HEAVENS, JOHN! WHAT KIND OF A HOTEL IS THIS? THAT
WOMAN HASN'T ANYTHING ON!"

"YES SHE HAS. I WENT AROUND IN FRONT TO SEE. HER DRESS IS JUST LOW
IN THE BACK."

Great Is War

WAR is progressing. During the latest French manoeuvres the generals of each opposing army were located from twenty-five to fifty miles in the rear. By means of the wireless telegraph, aeroplanes and various mechanical devices showing the disposition of troops, they sat back in easy chairs,—at their elbows bottles, siphons and Havanas—and fought their battles even beyond hearing of the distressing intonations of the guns.

The harrowing spectacle of some valuable general charging the enemy at the head of his troops, having horses shot under him every other minute and liable to lose his own precious life, has now become a thing of the effete past. The heads of the army have joined the great statesmen who, securely entrenched in their respective capitals, bring on the war in the first place.

The soldiers are still doing business at the front. But that is, of course, a mere detail.



NOVEMBER 27, 1913

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 62
No. 1622

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Brema's Bldgs., London, E. C.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Boston Globe* reports that the President and Mr. Bryan are growing more intimate every day; that Mr. Bryan is more and more pleased with Mr. Wilson and ardent in support of him, and that Mr. Bryan likes his office, intends to keep it for four years, and is working hard at present in the State Department, so that, though still far from being a first-class Secretary of State, he is taking much more interest in the department than he did at first.

This is all interesting news and probably true, and should be welcome to all patriots. For our part we should love to see Mr. Bryan develop into a really illustrious Secretary of State. He has some qualifications for the place. He has size of various kinds (not physical only, nor merely vocal) and convictions about the efficacy of democracy, and, apparently, a large, general, good-natured benevolence. Ethically Mr. Bryan is pretty good. Technically he is, we suppose, altogether to seek in his present place. It was complained some months ago that he had turned out of the State Department too many of the old hands who knew how to do the business, but at least one very competent person came in in the person of Professor John Bassett Moore.

We liked Mr. Bryan's spunk in taking the stump for Blair Lee in Maryland without regard for the hoots of the anti-saloonists. Bryan defying the cranks would make an even greater

historical picture than Ajax defying the Lightning.

As to the Lewis-Pindell letter, to which allusion was made last week in these try-to-be veracious columns, the standing of that as a political document has been a good deal impaired by declaration that it was forged. Anyone who can find out enough about Mr. Pindell to form an opinion as to whether or not he is a suitable person to be ambassador to Russia, is welcome to any opinion he may form. His qualifications are not conspicuous, but we will all maintain that if he is a successful editor and an average citizen of Illinois his presence in St. Petersburg would raise the per capita of wisdom and deportment in that capital.



WE ought to remember that if Mr Pindell is a Democrat of respectable character and average gumption, who can spare a year's time and some money, he is about as good a candidate for ambassador as we ought to expect. Really suitable and qualified persons for ambassadorships are very scarce in the Democratic party now. The pay is less than half the costs of the employment, and the employment is not permanent. The habit is to refill the high diplomatic offices whenever a new man becomes President. They have to be filled with men who are rich enough to serve and idle enough to be spared for several years from their affairs at home. The number of such men who are Democrats and look good to the

present appointing power is small. Mr. McCoombs has been invited and re-invited to be ambassador to France. He came home the other day. What did he say? He was quoted as saying: "I could not afford to be ambassador to France. I know of one American ambassador who has spent \$200,000 the last year, and of another who went over with a million and a half and is now practically 'broke'. I prefer to return to my law practice."

If we want trained diplomats we must take the diplomatic service out of politics and make diplomacy a career.

If we want better qualified men in the service as it is we must provide houses in the foreign capitals and living wages. And until that is done there is not a sound basis for complaint that appointments are unfit or that important places are left unfilled.



THE atrocious fable of ritual murder having had a hard knock in the acquittal of Beiliss, is it not suitable that the "white-slave" fable should now get a little timely abatement?

Mr. A. W. Elliott, president of the Southern Rescue Mission, who has gone pretty deep for five or six years into the facts of prostitution, denies that there is such an institution as "white slavery" in this country. "White slavery" means involuntary prostitution and the detention of unwilling women in the houses devoted to it. Mr. Elliott says that that practically does not exist. It is all a huge joke. "I surely do not believe that there are a dozen girls in America to-day that are in houses of ill-fame that could not walk out if they wanted to."

There may be more than that, a few more. Mr. Elliott's work seems to have been in the South, and the great cities where true white-slave cases would be looked for are mostly in the North. There goes on hereabouts and in other cities a constant solicitation, persuasion, deception and provision of girls for purposes of prostitution. It seems to be a regular traffic. Its prevalence and continuance is demonstrated by reports of court proceedings and by the records of the District

Attorney's office, which is constantly at work convicting procurers and sending them to prison. In so far as all that is "white slavery", it does exist, and is common, and the fight to beat it is a fine fight, and if we have not jails enough to hold the procurers we ought to build more. But the kidnapping of good girls, or inveigling them away and holding them in durance for lives of horror, seems, as Mr. Elliott says, almost all a bug-a-boo, and one that has been worked for more than it was worth by the extreme suffragists and feminists, who have seized on it as an argument for the political reconstruction of society.

"The real moral of the kind of "white slavery" that does exist pretty extensively is not so much that the man-made laws do not protect girls, as that the great feminist hope is being realized, the restraints of the home have been broken down, and mothers no longer look after their girls as they used to. All that is partly due to the great increase in the employment of women in industries away from home, but it is considerably an effect of the new freedom for girls that all the feminists shout for. It should be entirely satisfactory to women who, like Miss Milholland that was, advocate the abrogation of the "dual standard" and the extension to girls of whatever privilege of loose-morals is understood to belong to men.



FOLLOWING the example of Mr. Osborn, two women, Miss Doty and Miss Watson, have served an experimental term of four days in the women's ward of the Auburn prison to see how it felt. They undertook this service for the information of the Prison Reform Commission of New York. They found prison life very trying, and it did not impress them as being reformatory. They told of various particulars in which they thought the prisoners should be made more comfortable, their criticisms being of the system rather than of the way in which it was administered.

This is a valuable service that these



THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

"It must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in roast pig."

Chas. Lamb.

women have done. It is not intended that prisoners shall be parlor-boarders in the State institutions, but they should have, if possible, such treatment as is adapted to send them out better than they come in.



AS if our friends, the Affluent, did not have troubles enough, it must happen to them, it seems, to be struck down in the house of their friends. Surely if anyone could be trusted to be considerate of the rich, it would be the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company. No doubt the managers meant to be considerate, but as LIFE goes to press a large proportion of

their patrons are yelling "Fraud!" and taking legal advice, mostly at second hand, about their chance of recovering season tickets to the opera for which they have paid an agent, who has pawned them to a bank.

Why should subscribers to the opera pay out their good money to ticket agents and be content with hopes when they can send over to the Opera House and buy the actual tickets?

We do not understand these mysteries. Perhaps Miss Doty and Miss Watson, having finished their personal experience of life in Auburn prison, will now become subscribers through an agency for opera tickets and tell us about the inside life of an opera subscriber.



Panama

"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN"



Panama
"SS YOU, MY CHILDREN"



Demonstrating All Sorts of Theories



A CROOK play by an author who had himself passed a long period behind the bars led to the belief that "The Man Inside", by Roland B. Molineux held promise of conveying some unusual message. The event proved that the play itself and the method of its presentation rather overshadowed the author's not particularly eloquent appeal for different and better treatment for the offender against the laws of the civilized community. Mr. Molineux doesn't go quite so far as to recommend spring mattresses, embroidered

ered dressing gowns, attendant manicures and liberal supplies of imported perfecto cigars for convicted gun-men, black-handers, white slavers and swindlers, but his play conveys some such suggestion.

In a time when political pulls, adroit perjury, perverted sentimentality and other forces make it extremely difficult to put the dangerous criminal into prison and keep him there, it seems as though it was about time for someone to write a dramatic appeal in behalf of the honest and law-abiding citizen, who is mulcted of the fruits of his labors by crooks in and out of office. So long as pickpockets thrive and the fear of the midnight burglar robs the timid of their sleep, it seems as though real punishment should be made the result of crime instead of its perpetrators being made the object of affectionate study and pleasant coddling by the unduly philanthropic.

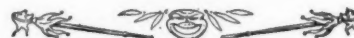


AN INCOMPETENT CHORUS GIRL — A FAVORING MANAGER
SOMETIMES — A STAR

Aside from its plea for agreeable treatment of the criminal "The Man Inside" is a very well acted melodrama of crime, to which Mr. Belasco has contributed his valuable services in selecting a cast and creating an atmosphere. Those who like their drama lurid will find joy in the accurate depiction of an opium joint, in the unending contest between crooks and police, and in the portrayal of types from the world of crime. Outside of this "The Man Inside" is not a notable contribution to the contemporary drama.



"THE MADCAP DUCHESS" really deserves the much abused title of "comic opera". It is opera because Mr. Victor Herbert has provided a musicianly score, there are chances for acting and singing, and its libretto tells a story. With this unusual foundation the producers have cast it well and have given it a delightful setting in costume and scenery. The whole performance is in excellent taste and a most agreeable contrast to the usual Broadway girl-and-music show.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE had a better chance to show his quality in "The Beauty and the Barge" than in his first play, and evidenced his versatility by preceding it with "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler", a rather gruesome bit in the way of a curtain-raiser. In the longer piece his *Capt. James Barley* deserves the title of "a little bit of all right", which the gallant seaman of the raging Thames bestows upon the buxom bar-maid at "The Old Ship".



THE white slave has become a bit shop-worn, but seems to have lost none of her deliciousness as a topic for our lady novelists and dramatists. Rachel Crothers brings her into view again in "Ourselves", but rather subordinates the traffic to an emphatic assertion of the theory that the only solution to the evils arising from the double standard in morality is the enforcement of a single standard of absolute purity for both sexes. This has been a favorite

theory with lady and gentlemen spinsters for countless centuries, but unfortunately it has never been found feasible in the actual life of human beings. Therefore "Ourselves", which had a novel first act in its use of a Magdalen home for a setting, with spirited acting by the unfortunate inmates, petered out at the end with everybody and everything left very much as it was in the first place, which is a usual result with reform movements and reform plays that ignore human nature as it is.

Grace Elliston gave an admirable impersonation of the wayward *Mollie*, who was expected to show superhuman endurance, but was, in fact, just a human girl. The very inexpertness of Jobyna Howland as an actress was perhaps quite in line with the usual impracticability of the lady patroness of reforms who expects her philanthropy toward the unfortunate to pay a return in services rendered.

"Ourselves" is a better contribution in the way of acting, especially in the scene in the home, than as one of the many solutions being offered every few minutes for correct-

ing all the evils that have grown up through all the centuries since the world began. However, the playgoer who is not already sated with discussions of the sordid side of the sex question will find "Ourselves" at least interesting in its particular line.



MR. EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER has provided that spirited comedienne, Henrietta Crosman, in "The Tongues of Men", with the best vehicle for her talents that she has had since the days of "Mistress Nell". The play moves along from beginning to end with unusual dramatic vigor, and although its theme is the not entirely novel one of the antagonism between church and stage, the goody-goody element is sufficiently subordinated to make "The Tongues of Men" a really virile effort.

Henrietta Crosman is at her best as the brilliant prima donna who makes the fashionable clergyman who has denounced her from the pulpit eat out of her hand, but the play would lose half its value with a less manly exemplar of the cloth than Mr. Frank Gillmore. Even in this crowded season this play and its playing make a distinct impression.



IN "The Strange Woman" we have the good old Middle-West setting and characters, but well used as the background for the bold experiment of making Elsie Ferguson play throughout the piece the character of a Parisienne

in this strange environment and using a French dialect in all her lines. In this particular her success is an achievement on similar lines to that of Doris Keane in "Romance". The pettiness, meanness and coarseness of the American types emphasize the refinement and dainty charm of Elsie Ferguson's personality and method, so that what is primitive and incredible in the play itself is made



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"The Seven Keys to Baldpate." Farce demonstrating that an audience will sit through an entire performance and enjoy finding out at the very end that it has been fooled. Funny in spots.

Belasco.—Mr. David Warfield in "The Auctioneer". The East Side Jew made laughable and pathetic by Mr. Warfield's masterly delineation of this type.

Booth.—"The Great Adventure," by Mr. Arnold Bennett. Shows how a still living artist is annoyed rather than pleased by his posthumous greatness. Well staged and fairly amusing dramatization of the author's "Buried Alive".

Casino.—"Oh! I Say!" A typical Casino show with girls and music the main features.

Century Opera House.—Opera, in English, at popular prices. Weekly changes of bill, with the leading operas agreeably presented.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." The New York Jew as he is known in the cloak-and-suit trade. Extremely amusing and very well done.

Comedy.—"The Marriage Game." A clever comedy showing the rocky road of matrimony at its rockiest and teaching a lesson to over-exacting wives.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." The veteran among New York plays. Absorbing and very well acted melodrama of department-store methods.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "Tante", dramatized by Mr. Haddon Chambers. The clever staging of a feminine type notable for its mean qualities.

plausible by way of contrast. It looked through most of the play as though we were to be treated to an argument on the sex theme developed on free love lines, but in the end American virtue triumphs to the extent of a final curtain with a wedding in immediate prospect and the naughty doctrines deported to their native France.

Metcalf.

Forty-fourth Street Music Hall.—Independent vaudeville of the better class.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Miss Laurette Taylor's charming depiction of the Irish-American girl and her ability to deal successfully with the rocks and shoals of British society.

Criterion.—"The Man Inside," by Roland B. Molineux. See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day," by Messrs. Broadhurst and Schomer. The East Side idea of fashionable life uptown with a malodorous episode as its distinguishing attraction.

Gaiety.—"Nearly Married." A divorce which is not a divorce, supplying complications for a light and agreeably acted farce.

Garrick.—"Madam President," with Fannie Ward. French farce, extremely laughable, but rather highly spiced for prudens and Puritans.

Globe.—"The Madcap Duchess," with score by Mr. Victor Herbert. See above.

Harris.—Henrietta Crosman in "The Tongues of Men", by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. See above.

Hippodrome.—"America." Spectacular show stunning in bigness and beauty and with some thrilling features.

Hudson.—"Gen. John Regan." George A. Birmingham's delightfully witty and humorous depiction of Irish village types used as puppets in an unusually original comedy.

Knickerbocker.—"The Marriage Market." London girl-and-music show well done and with the dancing of Mr. Donald Brian a principal feature.

Little.—"Prunella." Poetic fantasy; delightfully staged and appealing to the artistic sense.

Longacre.—"Adele." Pleasing and tuneful operetta most agreeably sung and acted.

Lyceum.—Elsie Ferguson in "The Strange Woman", by Mr. William Hurlbut. See above.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Lure." An ordinary melodrama which gained its notoriety by the fact that it had to be expurgated under police supervision.

Playhouse.—"The Family Cupboard." Commonplace drama of the day enlivened by an occasional humorous episode.

Princess.—Short plays of different types running from the greswome to the laughable. Frankly not a theatre for young persons or particular adults.

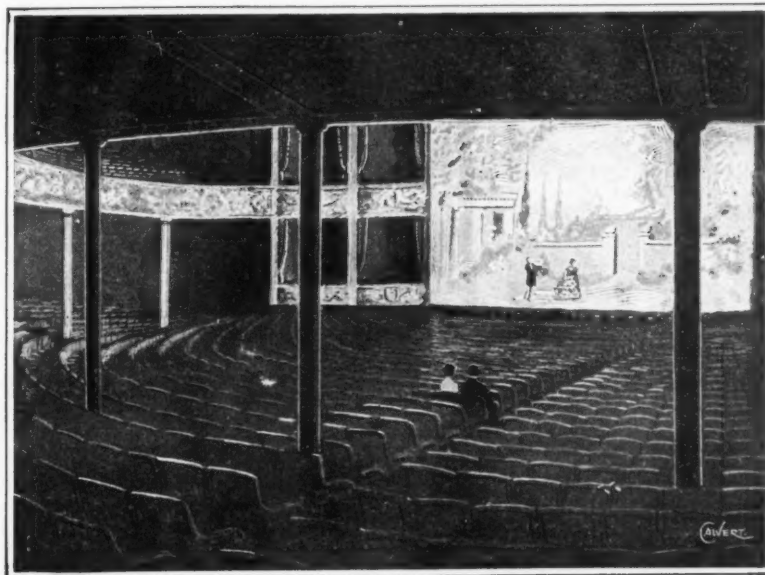
Republic.—"The Temperamental Journey." An agreeable light drama giving a different treatment of the same theme that supplies the basis of "The Great Adventure".

Shubert.—Forbes-Robertson, supported by Gertrude Elliott and a competent company, in a repertory of standard plays. The final opportunities to see one of the best actors of our time.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"At Bay." Melodrama of murder and blackmail. Not remarkable, but fairly interesting and well acted.

Wallack's.—Mr. Cyril Maude and English company in repertory of English comedies. See above.

Winter Garden.—"The Pleasure Seekers." Rag-time, girls and Jewish comedians. Not up to the Winter Garden standard.



A CLEAN SHOW



THE story is told of one of the great painters of Athens, who happening one morning to call on a colleague, and finding that he had left his card-case at home, he took his stylo—or perhaps it was a *stylus*—and drawing a perfect circle upon the tablets presented to him by his friend's butler, said, "Tell your master that he who did *that* would speak with him."

Of course in these days artists seldom leave their card-cases at home. They are very careful, before setting out to make calls, to see to it that the advertising man has done his duty and there are plenty of little pasteboards (sometimes they even run to billboards) with the number of thousands to which their last book sold, the nature of their present recreation, the prospect for the fall season and other items of artistic significance carefully engraved in the lower left-hand corner. But here and there one still runs across an absent-minded artist who is either carelessly or proudly content to let his work identify him. And it is in my capacity of Literary Butler to the readers of LIFE that I am now bringing them, on the silver tray of the present issue, the sign manual of one of these—a perfect circle, drawn by a great word painter—"The Dark Flower", by John Galsworthy.

John Galsworthy is less of a theory-prover, less of a problem-monger, less of a propagandist than any writer of his caliber in his generation. Modern to his finger tips; absolutely contemporary in his interest and responsiveness; enamored of life-as-it-actually-is; aseptically free from all taint or trace of fact-dodging idealizings and truth-glossing sentimentalizings; he is yet neither the accredited critic of any analytic anarchy nor the advance agent of any Utopia. He is, quite simply, the artist. Which is to say that he is an engrossed and understanding watcher of the never-ending game of hide and seek which Truth and Beauty play with each other, Upstairs, Down-

stairs and in My Lady's Chamber, through the House of Life. He is no realist—a realist being one who catches Truth and rubs our noses in it. He is no idealist—an idealist being one who catches Beauty and hastens to separate her from her disreputable family. He is just an artist—a man who glimpses the relationship between these two and calls to us to come and look. There are very few of them nowadays, and John Galsworthy is about the best we have.

In "The Dark Flower" (Scribner, \$1.35) he makes his only contribution to the sexological literature of the day; and this contribution is characteristic. The volume is divided into three parts, called Spring, Summer and Autumn. In the first we have a young man's quick-flaring and chivalric but soon forgotten passion for an older woman set before us, as it were, in translucent state—its hidden springs visible to us, yet the exquisite bloom of its surface unbruised. In the second part the same man, seven years older, lives out swiftly

and splendidly before us the all-engulfing romantic passion of his maturity. And here again this tragedy, so essentially commonplace, yet so world-filling, takes on the same magic of translucence; so that at one and the same time we see it for what it was and for what it seemed, without any conflict between the two aspects. And in the third part we have the same man, fifteen years later, fallen upon the married monotony of middle age, restless, driven, seeking he knows not what; and see his unconscious askings, suddenly answered by the offer of another's youth, reveal themselves to him as at once tyrannous and convicting. It is a wonderful word-picture. But it is more than that—a bit of truth, deep-dug from the heart of masculine humanity and reverently laid where the light strikes it.

It was about time that an artist tackled the sex question, seeing that everyone else had had a say on it. And "The Dark Flower" is at once so simple and so all-saying; so tender and so ruthless; so pitiful and so exquisite, that were it not for one thing which forbids, we would wish that we might say after it a *nunc dimittis*. And the thing which forbids is this: we need a woman, who is an artist, to write a mate to it.

J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

A Short History of the United States, by John Spencer Bassett. A difficult job well done. A condensation which preserves the proportions of the original and makes a convenient reference book.

Bendish, by Maurice Hewlett. A flavorsome tale of an early Victorian man-about-town. Incidentally, also a sequel to "Mrs. Lancelot".

The Business of Life, by Robert W. Chambers. Sublimated salacities posed as a moral object lesson. A Peter Pander story with a New York society setting.

The Dark Flower, by John Galsworthy. See above.

Disconnected Fragments, by Walter Blackman. A love story *en voyage*, with some impressions of Egypt by the way.

Joan Thursday, by Louis Joseph Vance. An excellent piece of work by the latest novelist to change over from vaudeville to the legitimate.

John Barleycorn, by Jack London. The most vivid total abstinence plea of the day. A confession, a self analysis and a conclusion.

The Lady and the Pirate, by Emerson Hough. A playful tale which gambols somewhat dinosaurally.

The Monroe Doctrine; an Obsolete Shibboleth, by Hiram Bingham. An interesting and well-informed discussion of our relations with South America.

Murder in Any Degree, by Owen Johnson. Stories of New York clubdom and first chop Bohemia which are polishedly up-to-date.

The Plain Man and His Wife, by Arnold Bennett. Condensed instructions for not being a "mutt". A piece of condescending didacticism in which we see Mr. Bennett at his worst.

Round the Corner, by Gilbert Cannan. A fine novel of everyday life which recalls Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" with its tolerant clear-sightedness and prophylactic irony.

The Opinions of Gerome Coignard, by Anatole France. The faceted wit of modern France in an eighteenth century setting.

The Taste of Apples, by Jeanette Lee. The visit of a New England philosopher-shoemaker and his wife to London. A homespun tale with silk trimmings.

Tiger, by Witter Bynner. The text of a playlet that is bitter in the mouth but tremendously tonic—a bracing dose of corrosive poison.

The Way of Ambition, by Robert Hichens. A serious and soulful story painstakingly worked out to prove that hen-pecking is bad for geniuses.

The Woman Thou Gavest Me, by Hall Caine. A trial of the Woman Case in which melodrama is chosen as the court room, sentimentality acts as counsel for the defense, and the verdict consists of a stone loaf for the starving.



WITH THE JAWBONE OF AN ASS

The Stage Sailor

WE'VE visited the men o' war at anchor in the bay,
Have seen the Jackies skin the mast and heard them
at their play.

To all the gallant boys in blue we blow a patriot kiss,
But oh—to meet a sailor chap who sings like this:

*The bo'sun pipes the watch belo—o—o—ow
Yo ho, me lads; yo ho—yo ho!*

We know about the dogs of war and listened to them roar,
Deceivers with one foot at sea and one upon the shore.
Shiver our timbers if we ever came across the lad
Who hitches at his trousers as he lilts this measure glad:

*With a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull,
Gaily—boys, now let her go!*

We've trotted in the ward room and we've picnicked with
the mess,

We've carried off their cap ribbons and buttons, more or
less;

We've joined in many a chorus that made the welkin ring
But never in our memory can we recall them sing:

*Jack's the boy afloat
Jack's the boy ashore!*

They do not wear their white duck clothes laced neatly up
the back,

There is no cat o' nine tails, no salt pork and no hard tack,

And should we ever meet the stagy bluejacket on land
We'd cry—Here comes a sailor boy—oh, please strike up
the band!

*Beg pardon, sir, but I have the honor to report
That the ship is sinking!*

Kate Masterson.



THE CRADLE SNATCH

Englishman: BY JOVE! HAS SHE FAINTED?

New Yorker: OH, NO. IT'S A NEW DANCE—THE CRADLE
SNATCH.

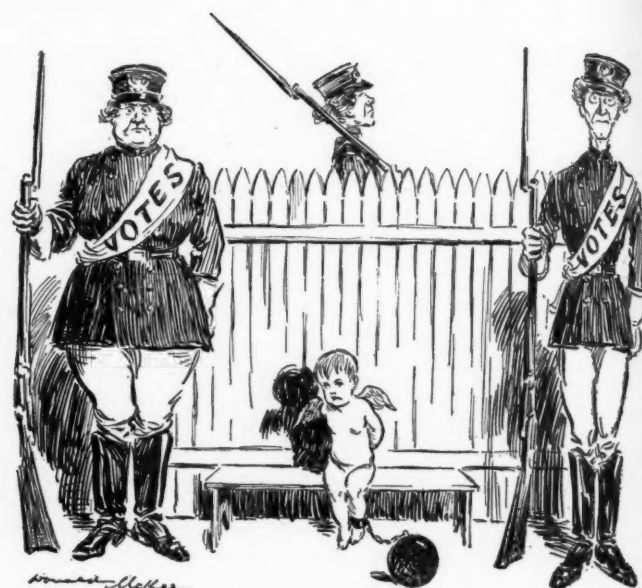
Spring Lambs

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was shorn,
The hallowed place where little lambs
Come peeping in at morn;
The playful bears and friendly bulls
Who wisely counseled me,
And where I bought at eighty-eight
And sold at twenty-three.

Charles Maar.



JILL ASHORE—IN 1925



"FOR THEY'RE HANGING DANNY DEEVER IN THE MORNING"

Public Opinion

PUBLIC opinion is what we think other people are thinking; or it is what we think other people think we think. When we think we are thinking like other people, then we think they are thinking as we think. That is what we think is public opinion.

When we meet someone who does not think as we think, then we think that is not public opinion. When we meet, or hear of, a number who do not think as we think, then we think that what they are thinking is something contrary to what public opinion ought to be, and, indeed, will be, as soon as they all begin to think as we think they ought to think.

Public opinion is of two kinds; what it is not, and what we think it is. On the other hand, what we think is public opinion may not be what we think it is.

Colleges

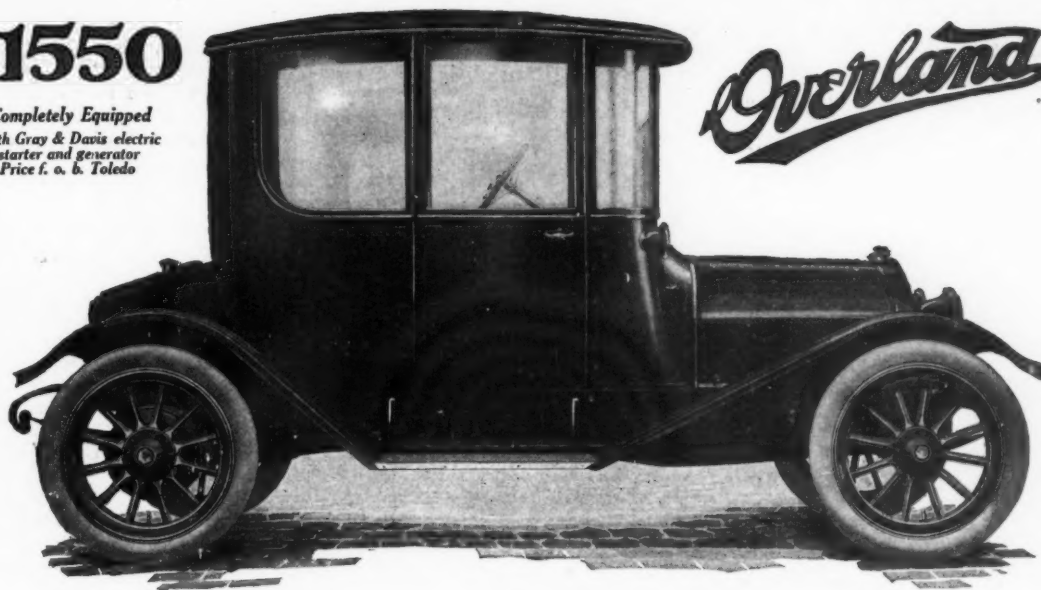
THE recent announcement of a discovery made by Prof. Stephen Langdon, professor of Assyriology in Oxford, of what is believed the oldest institution of learning in the world, in the southern part of Babylonia, was accompanied by the statement that this college had existed for about one thousand years.

The life of any national institution of learning is likely to be coexistent with the life of the race which inspired it. Generally, somewhat roughly speaking, a thousand years is about as long as any race survives as a government. Harvard College, therefore, has about seven hundred years more.

\$1550

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You and your family should have one of these magnificent 1914 Overland Coupes for the holidays. A new car for the new year! You cannot even imagine a more fitting gift.

Send for our handsome catalogue—illustrated and very descriptive. This tells the whole story. It's gratis.

Also, see this car at the Overland dealer's in your town. Look him up today.

Please address Dept. 16

The Willys-Overland Company

Toledo, Ohio

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable

To E. S. M.

My, Mr. Martin, we are glad to see you back!

Editorially speaking, there has been a fearful lack!

And the governmental minions
Have been spreading out their
pinions—

With no one by to check them, or to put
them on the rack!

My, Mr. Martin, we have missed your breezy clack!

For sizing situations you've a most peculiar knack!

And your comments analytic,
Make us think that as a critic,

We may class you (please forgive us) as
an A1 Cracker-Jack!

My, Mr. Martin, you're a genius at attack!

Were we a public sinner we'd be taken quite aback!

And you use such lovely grammar
When you swing your caustic
hammer,

That we'd rather be excused from being
subject of the whack!

My, Mr. Martin, we had nearly put on black!

We thought of searching parties to be put upon your track!

As you have no substitute

Who is really worth a hoot,

It is henceforth up to you to stay, as
Leader of the pack!

R. R. HILLMAN.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
November 6, 1913.

From a Bluejacket

DEAR LIFE:

Just dropping you a line to let you know that you are traveling an awful long distance, but you never fail to arrive, and there is always a long line waiting to receive you as soon as I get through.

Your article "Liars Wanted," in one of the past numbers, has caused quite a few comments out here. I was reading the reply you received from one of our army officers, and the thought occurred to me that you might be glad to get the opinion of an enlisted man concerning the "fine" life in the navy that is advertised so much.

There are eighty bluejackets stationed out here, but it seems folks at home are ignorant of the fact. A picture of a fleet of battleships steaming along looks fine, but have you ever seen any pictures

of the small gunboats and converted yachts that are stationed at the other end of nowhere? I'll have to admit that we men stationed out here have not much of a kick coming, but after you are out here for about two years you have about got your fill of it.

About the worst thing I think the enlisted man has to contend with is his social position, when ashore. Let me take Boston for an example. Here is what a girl from that city told me: For a girl to be seen with a bluejacket, even stopping to talk with him, is to ruin her reputation, and she is no longer considered a fit associate. That certainly is a fine state of affairs; a fellow can't even stop to speak to a person, even if he happens to be the party's brother, without them having the fear that they are going to be condemned for the rest of their lives, and the only reason that can be given is, he's a bluejacket. I wonder if the people of the United States realize that some of the best families in our country to-day are represented amongst the enlisted personnel of the navy, and that all the men are the cream of our country—men that are looked upon with awe in foreign ports? Out-

side the States a man can go in any city in an American bluejacket uniform and have the best his money can buy. He is not afraid to walk up to the best hotel in town, because he knows he will not be turned down; and then some people look on at the increase of socialists! When a man does four years in the navy, if he is not a socialist he is a very near approach to one. I think if the Navy Department would make some kind of an effort to revise the social standing of the bluejackets they would not have as much trouble as they are having now getting men.

Very truly,

WALTER L. SCOTT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY,
July 30, 1913.

P. S.—Your article was reprinted in one of our navy papers, and LIFE was commented upon concerning the magazine's fearlessness, and by this time has been read all through the navy.

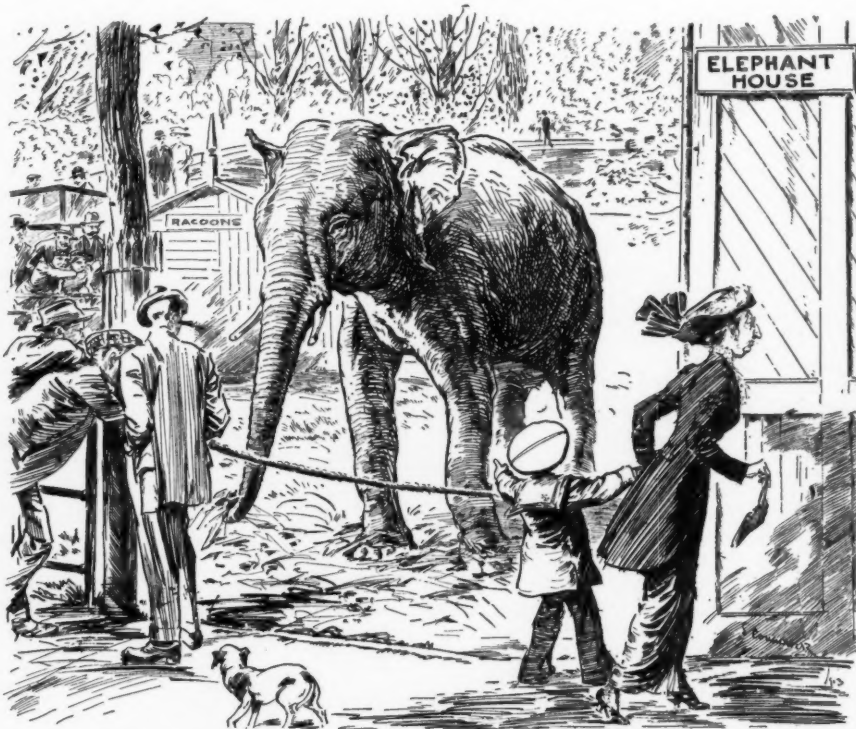
Here's Another

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Thanks! But after all Mr. Joseph Smith neglected to mention the worst thing about New England, which is that it has been the home of some of the leading men of your publication.

CHARLES W. BURPEE.

HARTFORD, CONN.,
November 6, 1913.



"YES, THEODORE; I'VE NO DOUBT IT IS AN ELEPHANT. IT IS, NEVERTHELESS, A
HIGHLY RIDICULOUS OBJECT."



STATUE OF LIBERTY

This statue, the largest in the world, represents the Goddess of Liberty holding aloft a torch with which she enlightens the world. It was designed by Frederic-Auguste Bartholdi and was presented to the United States by the people of France.



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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

When Juries Mete

Up in Alaska there used to be a district attorney who was long on native oratory, but short on education. Once, while prosecuting a big case, he came to the finish of his argument; and, according to Wilson Mizner, who was up there at the time, he leaned across the rail and made this plea:

"All I asts of you, gentlemen of the jury, is that you now retire and mete out justice as she deserves to be met!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

A Wise Youth

A small boy had been vaccinated, and after the operation the doctor prepared to bandage the sore arm, but the boy objected.

"Put it on the other arm, Doctor."

"Why, no," said the physician, "I want to put the bandage on your sore arm, so the boys at school won't hit you on it."

"Put it on the other arm, Doc," reiterated the small boy; "you don't know the fellows at our school."

—Ladies' Home Journal.



"THEY CAME BACK FROM THE RIDE WITH
THE TIGER INSIDE"

It Has Reached London

(Why should you swear at golf?)

—Office Window.)

Do I employ golf language? No!

In difficulties still I show

Restraint, both due and seemly, though

No game for hasty man it is:

I take, the proudest man alive,

My stance, address, and then contrive

With one wild swoop to miss my drive,

Yet I avoid profanities.

There's nothing like my putting, but

Suppose I miss a one-foot putt,

To know that I but say "Tut-tut!"

Is precious as a carcanet.

Then when I use the loftier, which

Should send the ball at high, far pitch,

And yet that trickles to the ditch,

"Dear me!" is my remark on it.

Put when you've bunkered, miss the ball,

Break all your dashed clubs, one and all,

To reach it, in the bushes fall.

(You will, my certain knowledge is!)

Then, as it seems, with eager zest

Sit down, where it is gorsiest,

Tell me—this is my one request—

Would you but chant doxologies?

M. S., in London Chronicle.

Out, Damned Spot!

HE: Have you read "Freckles"?

SHE (quickly): Oh, no! That's my veil!—O. S. U. Sun Dial.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from booksellers in all the principal cities of the world. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

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Very Unhealthy Indication

MR. SLUSHER BLABSOME, the well-known statistician and political economist, returned from Europe yesterday on the *Idiotic*. When asked his opinion as to the increased demand for steel rails, he replied with his customary assurance:

"I consider the increased demand for steel rails a very unhealthy sign."

At this the interviewer arched his brows in surprise, perceiving which Mr. Blabsome proceeded to explain:

"An increase in the demand for steel rails indicates, don't you see, that the railroads are buying more rails than before. This indicates that the railroads are paying more attention to the public demand for safe equipment. As paying attention to the demands of the public is always costly, it can not usually be done except by decreasing surplus or dividends, or both. A decrease of surplus or dividends makes the stock less valuable. If the stock is less valuable the banks demand more security for the loans for which the stock is collateral. This forces many of the owners to dump their holdings on the market. This has the effect of upsetting the market. And this has the effect of—"

"Do you think, then, that it is a

fatal policy for the railroads to give heed to the demands of the public?" Mr. Blabsome was asked.

"I most certainly do. History proves it. These vast systems have been built up on exactly the opposite policy. Does it stand to reason that they can suddenly depart from policy with impunity?"

E. O. J.

LADY (at piano): They say you love good music.

YOUTH: Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.—*Le Rire*.



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To the lover of the strenuous life as well as to the student of contemporaneous history, to the young people of the country particularly, who all find a special attraction in personal narrative of active achievement, this autobiography will afford keen satisfaction and high inspiration.

From his boyhood days in Long Island, his adolescent youth at Harvard University, his young manhood days in the Wild West, and through a diversified public career which led to the Presidency of the United States, Col. Roosevelt was a learner as well as a born leader. In this book he tells of the many things which he learned and how he learned them, relating them primarily with a view to the help they may give others.

Taking the initiative in many of the most important events of our times—both national and international—his autobiography is a unique record of men and events, and of a career of almost unparalleled interest.

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"Chased her husband out of the house with a stove-lifter and then cried because he left her without kissing her good-bye."

—*Boston Transcript.*

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Subject—"Hell: Its Location and Its Absolute Certainty."

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—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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DEITIES
Plain or Cork Tip

Clinging Gowns

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"Did you say that your husband was fond of those clinging gowns?"

"Yes, indeed; he likes one to cling to me for about five years."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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"I HAD to let that new maid go. I discovered that she was neglecting the children when I was attending my club meetings."

"That so?"

"Yes. Positively, she couldn't think less of them if they were her own."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

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756 Center St. Portland, Me.



She Saw Him Passing By

That the aged are not easily roused to enthusiasm or excitement is well known, but they are not often as calm as the old lady that the *Windsor Magazine* tells about.

An old man fell from a second-story window into the street, where an anxious crowd immediately gathered to see whether he was seriously injured. One of his daughters rushed frantically into the first-floor room, where his wife sat knitting, and cried:

"Oh, mother, mother, father's fallen from the top of the house into the road! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Yes, my child," answered the old lady, placidly, looking up from her work, "I saw him pass the window."

—*Youth's Companion.*

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This offer is passing. The royalties on both the **Kipling** and the **O. Henry** are heavy and we can't afford to make this a permanent thing. Only the demand of thousands of disappointed book lovers caused us to extend it for these few weeks more.

e Coupon

For a set of O. Henry's "Tales of the City" for these are per-classics, for these are the China Bayle, the Lilly in London. The Coupon free on

The Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, New York City (Life 11-27-13)

Send me on approved charges paid by you the set of O. Henry's "Tales of the City" in 12 volumes, gold tool, leather binding, for the sum of \$1.00 per volume. If I wish, within 15 days, return both sets at your expense.

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Economy

ECONOMY is the thing you practice when you have so much money that you don't care whether you spend it or not. Extravagance has ruined many, but economy more. Few people who really wish to get on can afford to be economical. It is too expensive.

Economy is the science of being satisfied. That is the reason it is never practiced by real artists. Economy should be indulged in with much caution. Be successful first and economical afterward. In the beginning it is fatal. Never economize in luxuries, because there is always the danger that you may learn to do without them. Much better, if one has to, to do without necessities. One can always do that.

Remember that if you once learn to be economical, you never get over it. This alone ought to deter any sensible person from indulging in it.



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NEW JERSEY

Pleasures

THE objects of pleasure are two in number. First, to kill time, and, second, to keep us from doing something else which would make us more miserable. The pleasures of the American people, roughly speaking, are likewise twofold; namely, making money and spending it. Some people derive all their pleasure from making money, and others all their pleasure from spending it. Others combine the two.

Being an inventive people, the Americans have created many ways of spending money. Being too busy making it, to spend any time on the drudgery of running their country, they spend a large portion of it in supporting the politicians. This, indeed, is one of their chief pleasures. And their superb sense of humor enables them to enjoy intensely the accounts of what all the politicians are doing, which enterprising papers publish from day to day.

The Americans have other pleasures, but compared with this one they are mostly trivial.



"POOR BILL, HIS WIFE'S SENT HIM WORD THAT SHE'S MOVING FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK."

"WELL, AIN'T HE HEADED FOR NEW YORK?"

"BUT HE'S GOT ONE WIFE IN NEW YORK ALREADY."

Life's Musical Calendar

Tuesday, November 25, *Carnegie Hall* (Afternoon).—Second New York recital of Josef Hofmann, a young gentleman who plays the piano remarkably well.

(Evening).—Song recital by Frances Alda, known in private life as Mrs. Giulio Gatti-Casazza.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Horatio Connell, baritone, in a postponed engagement with his friends and admirers.

(Evening).—First concert of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, introducing Maurice Warner, a new violinist, as soloist.

Century Opera House.—Massenet's "Thais" in English: The serious but unconvincing musical treatment of what was originally a cynical satire on religious monasticism.

Wednesday, November 26, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—Mid-week matinee of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's flock of song-birds.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Cornelia Rider-Possart, in a polite interpolation of piano-forte music.

Thursday, November 27, *Metropolitan Opera House* (1 P. M.).—Traditional Thanksgiving performance of Wagner's "Parsifal"; Religious ritual and mysticism made interesting through the masterly music of the world's greatest operatic genius.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Début of Marie Caslova, a Russian girl who plays the violin.

Friday, November 28, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—The foremost operatic company of the world performing for the benefit of America's commercial aristocracy.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—The Philharmonic Orchestra, under Josef Stransky, presenting Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, with Henri Léon Leroy, clarinet virtuoso, as assisting artist.

Aeolian Hall.—Edwin Grasse, the blind violinist and composer, in a programme which includes some of his own works.

Saturday, November 29, *Metropolitan Opera House* (Afternoon).—Second matinee of the

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13

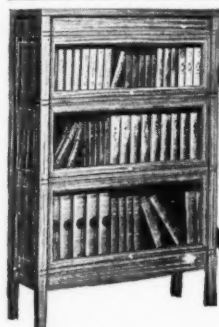
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week by the exclusive Metropolitan Company for an exclusive Metropolitan audience.

Aeolian Hall.—Concert of Russian sacred music by the choir of St. Nicholas Cathedral, under the direction of Mr. Gorokhoff.

Sunday, November 30, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—Operatic individualism in concert form.

Century Opera House.—The socialistic application of the same theory, introducing cheaper talent at lower rates of admission.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—An all-Wagner programme, presented by the Philharmonic Society.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—A family party under the auspices of the New York Symphony Society, with Mr. Walter Damrosch, his sister Clara, and her husband, Mr. David Mannes, occupying the center of the stage.

Monday, December 1, *Aeolian Hall*.—Opening concert of the Flonzaley String Quartet.

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—*Schopenhauer*.



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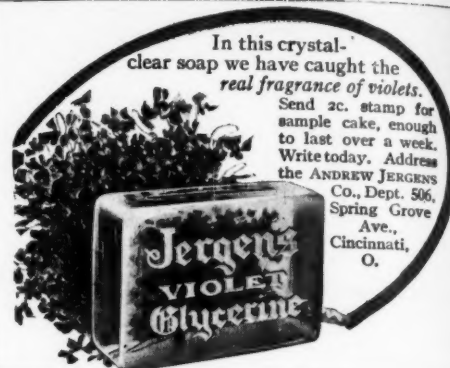
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for* 1914

THE Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is only a foretaste of what the magazine will be during the coming year. Following Arnold Bennett's serial will come one by Booth Tarkington—a story of American life. Margaret Deland is writing a new series of "Old Chester Tales." Norman Duncan will tell of his journey through little known corners of Australia, William Dean Howells has promised some chapters, of an autobiographical sort, and the Hon. David Jayne Hill, formerly Ambassador to Berlin, has written some unique articles dealing with the question of our diplomatic service.

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone, the American wife of a distinguished foreign diplomat, will contribute her reminiscences of life at various European courts and of the famous men and women she has known, and there will be several remarkable groups of letters written by the Northern wife of a Confederate Officer during the Civil War. Science and Travel are always important features, there will be notable contributions in the field of Nature, History, Industry, Biography, Art and Literature, and at least

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Whither

In some directions affairs took a more favorable turn so far as outward appearances indicated the actual movement in money and business, but in others the trend seemed to be in the opposite direction.

—New York Tribune.

THAT is to say, in some directions affairs took a favorable turn in one direction, but in other directions they turned in the opposite direction. We would fain admit this is not very direct. There ought to be, for use in such cases, an instrument clearly showing the points of the financial compass. *Quo Vadis?*

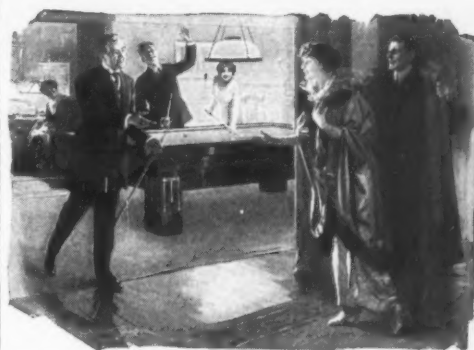
Children in Streets

IN all of our great cities the number of playgrounds for children in proportion to the number of children is astonishingly small. Children are incomprehensible in their energy. They insist upon playing in the streets. They dart out in front of passing automobiles, apparently inspired by the same gambling instinct which later on in life leads men to risk their fortunes and their sacred honor in dangerous enterprises.

So long as we are not willing to provide suitable places for children in which to play, why not extend their activities to railroad tracks and trolley lines? If a street is used as a playground, why not a railroad track? This track could be suitably enclosed so that it might be used only for the children, and they could get great fun out of dodging locomotives as they came through. At present a child can only stand in front of an auto and taunt it, and inasmuch as autos are not running upon tracks, it is possible for the chauffeur to dodge the child; but if children were placed upon railroad tracks, a locomotive would have a better show of running them over.

From the standpoint of our authorities, there seem to be too many children, anyway. They can be disposed of in the scientific manner we have indicated without great difficulty.

If it is a good thing to let children play in the streets, why not carry this idea to its logical conclusion?



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Books Received

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. (Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.)

Smile-a-while, by Harry B. Neilson. (The St. Catherine Press, London, Eng.)

Tales from Washington Irving's Traveller. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$2.50.)

Lady Laughter, by Ralph Henry Barbour. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.50.)

The Cubies, by Mary Mills Lyall and Earl Harvey Lyall. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Collected Poems, by Alfred Noyes. Vols. 1 and 2. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$3.00.)

Men Around the Kaiser, by Frederic W. Wile. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.75.)

Paris Nights, by Arnold Bennett. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$3.00.)

The Great Adventure, by Arnold Bennett. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.00.)

Down Among Men, by Will Levington Comfort. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

The Door That Has No Key, by Cosmo Hamilton. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

The Valley of Shadows, by Francis Grierson. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

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Kentucky in American Letters, by John Wilson Townsend. 2 vols. (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.)

Two Little Parisians, by Pierre Mille. (John Lane Co. \$1.00.)

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